

whores little girls again  
maids kissing my photograph  
on the plaza wall haha  
and old warriors  
rubbing their blue stiff veins  
and hoping for one more day  
of bravery.

I practice for you, death:  
your wig  
that dress  
your eyes  
these teeth.

I too am an old man frying a steak  
in a small kitchen.

when I run out of luck  
I'll run out of whiskey  
and when I run out of whiskey  
the land will not be green,  
and my love and my sadness ...  
who needs these?

I practice pretty good,  
send in the bull  
send in the girl whose white flesh  
maddens men on the boulevards,  
send in Paris,  
send in a car on the freeway  
with 6 people going to a picnic,  
send in the winner of the 8th.,  
send in Palm Beach and all the people  
on the sand,  
and I practice for you  
too,  
and the man sweeping the sidewalk  
and the lady in bed with me  
and the poems of Shakespeare  
and the elephants  
and the queers and the murderers,  
I practice for everybody,  
but for myself mostly  
pouring another drink now

at 9:30 in the morning,  
the Racing Form on the couch,  
the mailman walking toward me  
with a loveletter from a lady who  
doesn't want to die and a letter from the  
government  
telling me to give them money;  
and I practice for the government too,  
and I'm red, all red inside,  
punctured with heart and intestine and lung,  
I hope they don't arrest me,  
I practice pretty good  
and I've got a steak, a cigar  
and a fifth of scotch,  
I've read most of the classics  
and I watch the birds fly this morning  
and I can see most of them,  
many of them that you can't see,  
and I'm going to take a bath pretty soon,  
put on some clean clothes  
and drive South to the track.

it is not an unusual morning except that  
it is one more,  
and I want to thank you  
for listening.

— Charles Bukowski

Los Angeles, California

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### The Smith's Sleep

Awake, I am a common smith;  
asleep, I am a megalith,  
to whom nude Druid maidens pray  
at green awakening of day.

— Harry Smith

Brooklyn, New York

## Cruise

All at sea, the elephants,  
Americans and middle-class,  
labor at their timid masquerades,  
in heavy-footed joy,  
prompted by an outward-going, fun-loving  
master-of-ceremonies boy,  
and titilate their senses  
dressed as falsie-bosomed girls  
and ridicule the aging  
of their disappointed wives,  
or, as retrogressive fathers,  
tired of manly standards  
their former actions advertised,  
pretend -- at last! -- to be  
mother's fat and happy child.

In narrow bunks and dead asleep,  
their exhausted bodies dream  
of nightmares in a jungle,  
of islands drowning in a sea,  
where the blacks and the mulattoes  
sweat when they dance  
and scream when they sing,  
and their lean acrobatics  
move with abandoned manners  
whose sociological meanings  
are probably incorrigibly obscene.

-- Kirby Congdon

New York, New York

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### Received & Noted

Iowa Workshop Poets/1963 (edit.: Marvin Bell with  
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148th St., Harvey, Illinois

Green Hunger (Louis Newman, intro. by Tambimuttu)  
\$1.25 from Poets of America, 5 Beekman St., N.Y. 38

An Existential Nerve Cell (Richard F. Henchey) is  
available from author, Williston Academy, East-  
hampton, Mass.